"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE PEASANT'S COT.

ON my last voyage from New York to Bristol, the owners of the ship took passage with me. The whole cargo belonged to them, and they not only wished to do some business in England, but they also had a desire to travel. Besides the three owners, I had four passengers in the cabin. The passage from New York to England on that occasion was the most severe and stormy I ever made. I have experienced heavier storms, but never such continued bad weather. The old ship was on a strain the whole of the time, and though I run her into the Avon without losing a life or an important spar, yet she had received much damage. Her mainmast was sprung, her rudder damaged, her timbers strained, and for the last week the pumps had to be kept going all the time, owners, passengers, officers, and all doing their share of work at the brakes.

As soon as we could get the cargo out, the ship was hauled into the dock for repairs, and we found, upon examination, that it would be a week before she could be fit for sea, and if she had all the repairs which she absolutely needed, it would take her nearer two weeks. A contract was made for the job, and one of the owners agreed to stay by and superintend the work. This left me at liberty, and I began to look around me for some place to visit. I had heard much of Salisbury Plain. The famous Stone-henge was there, and so were three other relics of Roman and British antiquities. Accordingly to Salisbury Plain I resolved to go. When I went on board the ship to make arrangements with the owner who had remained there, I found one of the passengers leaving. I told him I was going to Salisbury, and he informed me he was going the same way.

It was about the middle of the forenoon when we set out, and I found he intended to visit the curiosities with me. and then keep on towards London, by the way of Andover and Chertsey, he having sent his baggage on ahead to Salisbury. I found my companion excellent company, and on the way he told some passages from his own life. He was born in England, but this was the first time he had been in the kingdom since he was fourteen years of age, and I was led to infer that at that time he had run away from his parents. During the six years of his residence in the United States, he had been engaged in Western land speculations, and he was now independently rich.

We took dinner at Bradford, a large manufacturing town, six miles south-east of Bath, and as soon as our horses were rested we set out again. Towards the middle of the afternoon the sky began to grow over-cast, and we had promise of a storm. By five o'clock the great black clouds were piled up in heavy masses, and it began to thunder. At Warminster, we had taken the direct road for Amesbury, a distance of fourteen miles, and when this storm had closed upon us, we were about half way between the two places. I was in no particular hurry, and as I had no desire to get wet, I proposed that we should stop at the first place we came to. In a few moments more we came to a point where a small cross road turned off to the right, and where a guide-board said it was five miles to Deptford inn.

I proposed that we should turn into this by-way and make for Deptford inn as fast as possible, and my companion readily consented. We had gone a mile when the great drops of rain began to

fall; but as good fortune would have it, we espied a small cottage not more than a furlong ahead, through a clump of poplars. We made for this place, and reached it before we got wet. There was a good-sized barn on the premises, and a long sheep-shed connected it with the house. Beneath this shed we drove, and just as we alighted, an old man came out. We told him we had got caught in a storm, and asked him if he could accommodate us over night. He told us that we should have the best that his humble place could afford, and that if we would put up with that we should be welcome.

As soon as the horses were taken care of we followed the old man into the house. He was a gray-headed man, certainly on the down-hill side of three-score, and his form was bent by hard work. His countenance was naturally kind and benevolent, but there were other marks than those of old age. The moment I saw him, I knew he had seen much of suffering. It was a neat room to which we were led, a living room, but yet free from dirt and clutter. An old woman was just building a fire for supper, and as we entered she arose from her work.

"Some travellers, wife, caught in the shower," said the old man.

"Surely, gentlemen, you're welcome," the woman said, in a tone so mild and free that I knew that she spoke only the feeling of her soul. "Its poor fare we can give ye, but the heart of the giver must e'en make up for that."

I thanked the good people, and told them we would pay them well for all they did for us.

"Speak not of pay," said the woman, taking her tea-kettle from the hob and hanging it upon the crane.

"Stop, wife," uttered the old man tremulously, "let not your heart run away with ye. If the good gentlemen have to spare out o' their abundance, it becomes not such sufferers as we to refuse the bounty."

I saw the woman place her apron to her eyes, but she made no reply. The door by the fireplace was partly open, and I saw in the room beyond, a bed, and I was sure there was some one in it. I asked the old man if he had sickness.

"Yes," he said, with a sad shake of the head. "My poor boy has been sick a long while. He's the only child I have—the only helper on the farm—and he's been sick all the spring and summer. I've taken care of the sheep, but I could'nt plant. It's hard, but we don't despair. My good wife—God bless her—shares the trials with me, and I think she takes the biggest share."

"No, no, John, don't say so," uttered the wife. "No woman could do the work you do."

"I don't mean to tell too much, Margaret, only you've kept me up."

A call from the sick room took the wife away, and the old man then began to tell me in answer to my questions, some of the peculiarities of the Great Plain, for we were on it now; and I found him well-informed and intelligent. At length the table was set out, the clean white cloth spread, and we were invited to sit up. We had excellent white bread, sweet butter, some fine stewed damsons, and a capital cup of tea. There were no excuses, no apologies—only the food was before us, and we were urged to help ourselves. While we were eating, the rain ceased falling but the weather was by no means clear, though just as we moved from the table a gleam of golden light shot through the window from the setting sun.

It may have been half an hour after this—it was not more—when a wagon drove up to the door, in which were two men. The old man had just come in from the barn, and it was not so dark but we could see the faces of the men in the wagon. They were middle aged men, one of them habited in a sort of jockey hunting garb, and the other dressed in black clothes, with that peculiar style of hat and cravat which marks the officer. I turned towards our host for the purpose of asking if he knew the new comers, and I saw that he was very pale and trembling. A low, deep groan escaped him, and in a moment more his wife moved to his side, and put her arm around his neck. She had been trembling, but that groan of her husband seemed to call her to herself.

"Don't fear, John," she softly said. "They can't take away our love, nor our souls. Cheer up. I'll be a supporter to you, John, when all else are gone."

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, when another started, he wiped it away, and having kissed his wife, he arose from

his chair. Just then the two men entered. He of the jockey coat came first, and his eyes rested on Leeman and myself.

"Only some travellers, Mr. Vaughan," said our host.

So Mr. Vaughan turned his gaze elsewhere about the room, and at length it was fixed on the old man.

"Well," said he, "what about the rent!"

"We haven't a penny of it yet, sir," answered the host, trembling.

"Not a penny! Then how'll you pay me twenty pounds?"

"Twenty pounds!" murmured the old man painfully. "Alas! I cannot pay it. You know Walter has been long sick, and every penny I could earn has been paid to the doctor You know he was to have earned the rent if he had been well."

"I don't know anything about it," returned the landlord doggedly—for Mr. Vaughan owned the little farm, it afterwards appeared. "All I know is, that you have had the house and land, and for two whole years you haven't paid me a penny. You know I told you a month ago, that you should have just one more to pay me?"

"No! no! O, God knows I can't."

"Then you must leave the house."

"When?"

"To-night!"

"You do not mean that. You will not turn us out so quickly as—."

"Out upon your prating! What do you mean by that? You had notice a month ago. How long a notice do you suppose I give? If you haven't had time in a month to move, then you must look for the consequences. To-night you move! If you want a shelter you may go into the old house at the horse pond."

"But there is not a window in it."

"Beggars should'nt be choosers," remarked Mr. Vaughan. "If it had'nt been for hunting up the officer, I should have been here this morning. But 'tisn't my fault. Now I can have a good tenant right off, and he wants the house tomorrow. So there is not a word to be said. I shall take your two cows and your sheep, and if they go for more than twenty pounds after taking out the expenses, you shall have the balance back."

The poor peasant gazed for a moment half-wildly into the landlord's face, and then sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"My cows! my sheep!" he groaned spasmodically. "O, kill me, and have done with it!"

"In God's name, Mr. Vaughan," cried the wife," spare us them. We will leave the cot, and we will work with all our might until we pay every farthing, but do not take away our very means of life. My poor boy will die. Oh, you are rich, and we are poor!"

"Nonsense!" uttered the unfeeling man, "I'm used to such stuff. I make a living by renting my farms, and this farm is one of the best I have. A good man can lay up more than ten pounds a year here."

"But we have been sick," urged the woman.

"That isn't my fault. If you are paupers, you know where to go to get taken care of. Now I don't want another word. Out you go to-night unless you pay me the twenty pounds, and your cows and sheep go too."

I was just on the point of turning to my companion to ask him if he would not help me to make up the sum, for I was determined that the poor folks should not be turned out thus. The woman had sunk down, and she too had covered her face with her hands. At that moment Nathan Leeman sprang to his feet. His face was very pale, and for the first time I saw that tears had been running down his cheeks.

"Look here, sir," he said to Vaughan, "how much do these people owe you?"

"Twenty pounds," returned he, regarding his interlocutor sharply.

"And when did this amount become due in the year?"

"It was just due one month ago. The rent is twelve pounds, but I allowed him four pounds for building a bridge over the river."

"Show me the bill."

The man, pulling out a large leather pocketbook, took from it a bill. It was receipted. Leeman took out his purse, and counted out twenty golden sovereigns. He handed them to the landlord, and took the bill.

"I believe that settles the matter, sir," observed my companion, exerting all his powers to appear calm.

"Yes, sir," returned Vaughan, gazing first upon the man who had given him the money, to see if he was in earnest, and then turning to the window to see if the gold was pure. "Yes, sir," he repeated, "this makes it all right."

"Then, I suppose we can remain here now undisturbed."

"But I have no surety of any pay for the future. A month has already run on an unpaid term."

"It is right you should have your pay, surely. Come to-morrow, sir, and I will arrange it with you—only leave us now."

Mr. Vaughan cast one more glance around the room, but without speaking further he left, and the officer had to follow him, without having done anything to earn a fee. As soon as they were gone, the old man started to his feet.

"Sir," he uttered, turning towards Leeman, "what means this? Do you think I can ever pay you back again?"

"Sometime you can," returned my companion.

"Yes, yes, John," said the wife, sometime we shall surely pay him!"

"Alas! when?"

"Any time within a month will answer," said Leeman.

Both the old people looked aghast.

"Oh! you have only planted more misery for us, kind sir," cried the old man. "We could have borne to be stripped of our goods by the landlord, better than we can bear to rob a double friend. You must take our stock—our cows and sheep."

"But not yet," resumed Leeman, "I have another way. Listen:—Once you had a boy—a wild, reckless, wayward child."

"Yes," murmured the old man.

"And what became of him?"

For some moments the father was silent, but at length said:

"Alas! he fled from home long years ago. One night—we lived then far off here in Northamptonshire—my boy joined with a lot of other youths, most of them older than himself, and went into the park of Sir Thomas Boyle, and carried away two deer. He was detected, and to escape punishment he fled—and I have not seen him since. But Sir Thomas would not have punished him, for he told me so afterwards."

"And tell me, John Leeman, did you never hear from that boy?"

"Never!" answered the old man.

As soon as I heard my companion pronounce the old man's name, the truth flashed upon me in an instant; and I was not alone in the conviction. The quick heart of the mother had caught the spark of hope and love. At that moment the fire upon the hearth blazed up, and as the light poured out into the room, my companion's face was fully revealed. The woman arose and walked towards him. She laid her hand upon his head, and trembling, she whispered—

"For the love of heaven don't deceive me. But speak to me—let me call you—Nathan—*Nathan Leeman!*"

"And I should answer, for that is my name," spoke the man starting up.

"And what would you call me?" the woman gasped.

"My Mother!"

The fire gleamed more brightly upon the hearth, and I saw that aged woman upon the bosom of her long lost boy. And then I saw the father totter up and join them—and I heard murmured words of joy and of blessing. I arose and slipped out of the room and went to the barn; when I got there I took out my handkerchief and wiped away the tears from my cheeks.

It was an hour before I returned, and then I found all calm and serene, save that the mother was still weeping, for the head of her returned boy was resting upon her shoulder, and her arm was about his neck. Nathan arose, and with a smile he bade me be seated.

"You know all as well as I can tell you," said he, "When we first stopped here I had no idea of finding my parents here; for when I went away sixteen years ago, I then left them in Kingston-upon-the-Ken. I knew them, of course, but I wished to see if they would know me. But from fourteen to thirty is a changing period. I think God sent me here," he added, in a lower tone, "for only think what curious circumstances have combined together to bring me to this cot."

It did truly seem as though some power higher than our own had brought this all about. But at all events there was a higher power thought of that night beneath the peasant's cot, for God was praised again and again.

REPENTANCE.

THE doctrine of Repentance is made to appear sufficiently important to arrest the attention of every man, when it is considered that it stands first and last, and most prominent in the instructions of Jesus; that God now commands all men everywhere to repent; and that it is the only process by which sinners can obtain salvation.

In its nature, Repentance is plain, simple and comprehensible. It contains no mystery, leaves no doubt. It asks nothing unreasonable, unjust, or inappropriate; demands no impossibilities. When given as a command, it is direct and positive; asserting truth, claiming right, requiring duty. It is addressed to the conscience, judgment, and capability of the sinner, to persuade him to change his views, feelings, and conduct, so as to love and obey the divine law, without which he is totally disqualified to enjoy the salvation of God.

1. Repentance, in its most common and least important sense, signifies sorrow, regret, or dissatisfaction with one's self on account of something one has done, that has proved to be wrong, or which has failed to produce the desired result. Thus St. Paul says, 2 Cor. vii. 8.—"Though I made you sorry by letter, I do not *repent* though I did *repent*." By accommodation it is also applied to God; Gen. vi. 6, "It *repented* the Lord that he had made man upon the earth, and grieved him at heart." It may denote secondly, a simple change of one's mind, opinion, intentions, or actions, either for the better or the worse. Thus, in the parable, one son says, Matt. xxi. 29, "I will not go, but afterwards he *repented*, (changed his mind,) and went." So also in describing, by human language, an apparent change in the conduct of the Almighty, it is said, Jonah, iii. 10, "God repented of the evil he had said he would do unto them; and he did it not." In this use of the word a man may be said to repent of a good as well as a bad action. The miser may repent that, in a fit of generosity, he gave a few pence to an unworthy beggar, and the bigot that he showed mercy to a heretic. It is used in this sense, Heb. xii. 17, where it is said Esau "found no place for repentance"—he found no possibility of effecting a *change* in what he had done. Isaac could not recall the blessing he had given to Jacob. So also in Rom. xi. 29, "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance," without change—they are irrevocable.

2. In its legitimate and evangelical sense, repentance denotes change *for the better*, in one's mind, feelings, desires, resolutions, faith—the principles of action. In this sense it is the work of the spirit, the gift of God, who exalted Jesus to "give repentance to Israel and the forgiveness of sins." As this internal operation can be best known of ourselves and others by outward actions, it implies a corresponding change of conduct, a reformation of character, ceasing from sin, and obedience unto righteousness. The connection between thinking and doing is intimate, if not inseparable. Causes are known by their effects, principles by actions, as trees are known by their fruits. So John said to them that came to his baptism, Matt. iii. 7, "Bring fruits meet for repentance," evidences of a genuine reformation. Hence some critics have preferred the word *reform* to repent, as expressing more clearly and forcibly a thorough change in moral character, in principles and in conduct. It is certain that when given as a command or inculcated as a duty, it means something more than sorrow or remorse for sins that are past. It demands a positive change in principles; improvement in behaviour; obedience to the law of God, holiness of heart, and purity of life.

The gospel contemplates man as a sinner, an erring child of God, a wanderer from home. It seeks him, finds him, and stretches out the hand of mercy to restore him. It moves him to make the holy resolve, "I will arise and go to my father." It meets him, pities him, takes off his rags of folly and sin, and clothes him in snow-white robes, and restores him to God as one alive from the dead, who was lost and is found. Now this change from the character and condition of the sinner, wandering from God and his own peace, to that of a saint, redeemed, sanctified, and saved, joyful and rejoicing in the strength of his salvation, with the intermediate steps of conviction and sorrow for sin, the know-

ledge and love of truth, conversion and obedience to God's law, is all and every part, so far as the act of man is concerned, summed together in the simple command, "Repent." So Jesus commenced the work of his public ministry, which had for its object the salvation of a lapsed world, by directing their attention to this one great, all-important duty, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."—Matt. iv. 17. Had man never sinned, a saviour would not have been provided, and this command would not have been given. When it shall be obeyed, a Saviour's work will be accomplished, all the world will be saved, and God will be all in all.

This doctrine is inculcated in other parts of the Sacred Volume in different words, but always with equal force and perspicuity. To sinning Israel God gave command, Isa. 1: 16—17, "Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well." Isa. lv. 7: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Peter called upon the murderers of Jesus to repent and be converted (turned) that their sins might be blotted out, when the times of refreshing should come from the presence of the Lord."—Acts iii. 16.

The command unto all men is, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Refrain your feet from evil, and your lips that they speak no guile. A very clear exemplification of this doctrine is found in the conduct of Jesus towards the sinful woman brought into the temple by the Pharisees. Of her guilt there was no doubt. To the demand of the law no objection was made. She was a miserable sinner: and sinners demanded the execution of the utmost rigor of the law upon her. When her conscience-smitten accusers had left the temple at the searching remark of Jesus, he asked her if no man had condemned her. She replied, "No man, Lord." He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and *sin no more.*" —John, viii. 11. There is no mystery in such language. It is plain, positive, just, inavertable, and the conscience of the sinner awakened by the calls of the Gospel, feels it—"Go and sin no more." "Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." This command is virtually addressed to all men, regardless of kind or degree of guilt, for all have sinned. Jesus came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Professions avail nothing; creeds are of no use; past experience and all formal reforms are insufficent, so long as the heart and life are not all right before God. "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."—James i. 10. He is out of the way —off the track. He must "repent," be converted—turned back again—for his heart is not all pure, his conduct is not all righteous.

The motive presented to the sinner to induce him to repent, is not vindictive wrath, the fear of endless woe, nor yet the dread of punishment. All such appeals operate on selfishness only. They can awaken no pure principle, guide no living stream, produce no good. Neither Jesus nor his disciples preached the condemnation of the law, to dissuade men from vice —"Neither do I condemn thee." They presented the goodness of God, his love, mercy and forbearance as the true motive, the most pungent appeal to the sinner's conscience. "Despisest thou the *riches of his goodness*, and forbearance, and long suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?"—Rom. ii, 4. The goodness of God! This is the allpowerful dissuasive from vice, the true influence by which to guide the sinner to righteousness, to Jesus, and to God. If that fails, or proves incompetent, there is no hope. Can there be any danger that it will?

Could sinners be made to know that God acted upon the purest principles of benevolence, and in reference to the best good of each and all of the subjects of his government, when he gave them a law for rules for the regulation of their conduct, they would at once discover the reasonableness of yielding a hearty obedience, and would find their truest happiness in so doing. To the reflecting mind it is clear as sunlight that in all the demands and prohibitions of the law of God, and in all the prohibitions he inflicts, goodness always predominates. He governs like a wise and good Father; and sinners are invited to

approach him as such, and seek the forgiveness of their sins. He has promised to accept the vilest. Oh, sinners, why will ye not return to so good a Father, and enjoy his love and protection? He loves you and has sent his Son to save you. Will you longer spurn that love, and cling to the vices and follies of the world? Oh, return and be happy!

Two errors have long prevailed in the church concerning the doctrine of Repentance. The first makes it consist in mere *feeling* compunction of conscience, remorse, or sorrow for sin. That the word, as sometimes used, admits of such a meaning is not denied; but such is not its proper definition when given as a command, or enforced as a duty. It signifies more than that—a positive *change for the better*, from sin to holiness, from Satan to God. Hence Paul says, 2 Cor. vii, 9, 10, "Ye sorrowed to repentance—for godly sorrow *worketh* repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of." Here it is used in both senses; but it is clear that evangelical repentance is a change from the love and practice of sin, to obedience to God's laws. Godly sorrow worketh reformation. Conscious and sorry that he has sinned against so just, so holy, and so good a Father, the sinner "ceases to do evil and learns to do well," returns from his wandering like the repentant prodigal, to the love and service of his Father.

The second supposes that the whole work of repentance can be done up in a brief space, at a certain time—often in early life, sometimes in a dream; and that it shall suffice them for this life and the next. Those who experience it, deem themselves the favorites of God, the righteous, the only heirs-apparent to the bliss of heaven. Though such sin after conversion repentance has no claim on them—they refer with great assurance to their former experience, assert that they *have repented* and are safe. Did the remorse they felt cover all past and *future* sins? Has God's law ceased its claims? Shall they who know the Master's will, be less culpable on that account? Shall they who have light be excusable for walking in darkness? Such a doctrine is unreasonable, unscriptural, pernicious. To all such the Gospel speaks with seven-fold power, "Repent—sin no more—go on unto perfection."

A NOBLE DEED.

One morning during last winter, four little boys who ventured upon a pond in going to school, broke through the ice. The villagers hastened to the spot, but the ice was so thin none dared to venture to the aid of the drowning children. At the moment they were sinking, a boy sprung forward, plunged in and saved two of the boys. He then made another dash among the water and ice, and saved a third. By this time the mother of the fourth boy, almost regarded as lost, arrived at the spot in awful agony. The brave little fellow who had rescued three of the drowning boys was almost exhausted. With the agony of the mother, and sympathy for the drowning boy, in the noble generousness of his heart he cried out, "*I will save your boy or die.*" He then plunged in, breaking the ice with his hands, seized the boy who was sinking for the third time, carried him ashore, and returned him safe to his mother's arms.

Glorious fellow. "I WILL SAVE YOUR BOY OR DIE" and yet the great mass of Christian ministers and Christian creeds—the purely *evangelical*—tell us that in its nature, before conversion, the human soul is totally corrupt—"incapable of a good thought or act"—and wholly under the influence of the devil. How false! We venture to assert there is not a minister among all the saints who would have done more than this noble, brave boy who has nothing but a *natural* heart beating in his bosom.

There is another consideration—whence came the sympathy and generous nobleness of this child but from God. This was but a drop from the Fountain of Goodness. Can the little drop exceed an infinite ocean? This boy was willing to die rather than suffer the child of a weeping mother to perish. And yet it is said, and men believe, that God, from whom all goodness proceeds, will consign millions and millions of human helpless victims—creatures of his own production—indeed, his own created offspring, to a "sea of liquid fire,"—not for a moment, but "for eternity." Great God! What an awful error! How long to the end of its promulgation!

A BASE CALUMNY.

The *Scotsman* newspaper records that Mr. Campbell of Monzie, during the course of his canvass this election for the Inverness burghs, in reply to a question at Nairn, stated, he was in favour of the admission of Jews into Parliament. "We admit," he said, "the Unitarians who deny Christ altogether. The Jews only say that Christ has not yet come, so I think the Unitarian is the greatest infidel of the two, and the Jew cannot consequently be justifiably excluded."

After years of experience of the treatment received from professedly intelligent and christian men in a land of free inquiry, a free bible, and an abundant supply of books and papers for the inquirer on every subject,—we cease to wonder as we read the New Testament to find that Christ and his disciples were treated as madmen and badmen in their day; and as we read the history of the church and find the primitive christians were slandered, persecuted, and cruelly put to death, as atheists, and dangerous to the civil state and general welfare of society, it should not surprise us. The darkness which prevailed, the comparative non-existence of literature would in fact hinder the men and principles so spoken against and persecuted from being well known, excepting to personal friends. This apology cannot be made for the falsehood and calumny so prevalent concerning our religious views: except we take into consideration what we are informed is true, that the trinitarian churches in general discourage inquiry concerning our religious belief; in the words of a Rector and D.D., within a few miles of us, "the less you know about them the better." Amazing! while they encourage the study of ancient systems of theology and mythology, with all their pollutions; and have not a word to say in opposition to even childhood and youth plodding through the religious mummery, superstition, and obscenity of bygone centuries; and who can open their missionary records, unfolding the darkness and immorality of the heathen far over the seas to the children of their sabbath schools; yet they are terrified, and fiercely assail inquiry among them, regarding the religious principles of a people as morally good, they confess, as themselves, but who on account of their confession of faith are very dangerous, and best let alone: and in the midst of this darkness respecting our religion, they have the unfairness to denounce and call us the worst of names, and the greatest of infidels. We are not sure whether such conduct is worthy of our pity or indignation most.

We are not amazed *merely* at what Mr. Campbell has said, had he been solitary in his impressions of and calumny on Unitarians; but to know that in this land of light and liberty, the country proud of Milton, Locke, and Newton, and among religious teachers who rejoice to add *their* names to the scroll of illustrious christians, and that the christian faith, which was Unitarian, of such men, should be assailed in the most narrow and bigoted spirit, and that the religion of such minds could be considered worse than Roman Catholicism and Judaism, and, as is often told us, of Deists and Atheists, they have more hope for their salvation than for ours; and that this is continually being inculcated by preachers, and so widely believed by their people: it is this which astonishes us.

We rejoice to believe that there is not one in ten thousand of the Unitarian church whose faith is shaken or conviction weakened by such a mode of treatment. Every man, woman, or child, belonging to our congregations, on hearing such a statement as Mr. Campbell's, would simply say, "it is a lie." and that a greater lie could not be invented or told. As the Mormonite would reply if he were told he does not believe in his prophet Joseph Smith, or the Roman Catholic would reply if he were told he does not believe in the Pope, or the Methodist would reply if he were told he does not believe in Wesley,—we feel in the very same position when we are told we do not believe in Christ, but reject him; we are enabled to say it is a base calumny, or, it is simply a lie.

Why then, do you ask, are we so treated, misrepresented, and denied the Christian name? We will tell you, gentle reader: it is because we *do* believe in Christ, because we accept him as our Lord and Master in preference to lords many and masters many who have sprung up in the Catholic and Protestant churches —because we do not appeal to councils, synods, conferences, and creeds made by man. Every Unitarian in the land,—we affirm this with the most perfect assurance,—sets very little by the decisions

of men in matters of religion, but regards one as his Master even Christ and all disciples as brethren. We are spoken against everywhere because we prefer to read, and believe, and follow, the plain words of Scripture in preference to the wild and foolish speculations and theories which have been invented by men. We are reviled because we esteem it our duty with the Gospel in our hands, and the Master thus set before us, to follow the master whithersoever he may lead us, or whatever may be said of us, rather than follow some of our deluded brethren who have missed the way and are under very great misapprehensions concerning God, and Christ, and Heaven We are called Unitarians and defamed because we bow our knees to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ as our master did, and in obedience to his commands to "Worship the Father," and we refuse to bow down and worship the superstitions that men have set up. Finally we are denied the right hand of Christian Fellowship, because we do believe in Christ, and receive Christ, and endeavour with the help of God to follow Christ, and rejoice in him, despite the perversity, contradiction, and opposition to pure christianity, which is so prevalent in Christian Churches and the world. We are willing to admit that we are considered in error, but we know what that error is,—it is obeying God rather than man, following Christ rather than the church, holding by the doctrine of the Scripture rather than the confessions and creeds so popular, made by erring and fallible men like ourselves, and in an age of darkness and superstition. And we most deliberately prefer to sacrifice the Christian name and respect of such men as Mr. Campbell, to the sacrifice of the Christian life and a good conscience in the sight of God.

DO THYSELF NO HARM.

THE apostle Paul never uttered a more important injunction than this, nor one that is more universally disregarded. Indeed, it is strange what trouble and expense men will incur to make themselves contemptibly mean. Could we be permitted to speak a word in kindness to the young man who is putting the wine cup to his lips, or polluting those lips with profane and obscene words, or is taking his first lesson in dishonesty and crime, we would say to him, Brother, do thyself no harm.

Little do such realize what harm they do themselves by their unwise conduct. They seek for pleasure and happiness, but have made a mistake in their choice of paths, and have thus brought pain and shame upon them. Oh! brother, pause, we beseech you, before your sins are filled with fire that no panacea can cool, and your nerves are made highways for the blighting feet of pain to tread upon. For then, when you are suffering the penalty of violated law, it will be too late to heed the injunction, "*Do thyself no harm.*"

Could we speak to the parent who is neglecting the house of worship Sabbath after Sabbath, and allowing his children to grow up without moral or religious instruction, we would say to him, Harm not these tender minds committed to thy care. Oh, do thyself no harm by polluting these tender hearts that will reflect your moral qualities and cause future generations to rise up and bless you for your fidelity, or curse you for your cruel neglect. And what can equal the reproach that comes in consequence of the neglect of a parent's duty, or the *shame* and *harm* that flow from such neglect.

Could we speak to the lady who bends low at the shrine of fashion, and feels deeper interest in the style of the hat, or the fashion of the dress, than in the *moral worth* of that which the dress conceals from view, we should say to her, Sister, do thyself no harm with thy vanity and folly. Oh, neglect not the better wealth within thine own heart for these short-lived fancies. For there will come a time when wealth, honour and fashion will be estimated at their real value, and occupy their appropriate place. "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world. And the world passes away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of the Lord abideth for ever."

We say to one and all, remember from whence you are—to whom you are responsible—and whither you are tending, and "*do thyself no harm.*"

THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

For my part I confess I have not the heart to take offending ones from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within ; health gone, even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-being with Him from whose hands it came.

"May'nt I stay, ma'am ? I'll do anything you give me; cut wood, carry coals, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage stood by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter part of November, and a fierce wind rattled through the boughs of the two naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow flake touched, with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently unwilling to grant the child's request ; and the peculiar look stamped on his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large grey eyes, or apparently heartfelt distress his words suggested.

"Come in at any rate, till the good man comes home; there, sit down by the fire ; you look perished with the cold," and she drew up a rude chair to the warmest corner; then glancing suspiciously at the child every little while, she continued setting the table for supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow ;" and so the kind couple concluded, after due consideration, that so long as he was docile and worked so heartily, they would take care of him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and readily disposed of his goods, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out here splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard significantly.

"Yes—you know him ?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar, evasively.

"And where—who is he ?"

"A jail bird ;" and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder ; "young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—ten months. He's a hard one. You'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh ! there was something so horrible in the word jail. The poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchase ; nor could she rest till she had called the boy in and assured him that she knew the dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed the boy hung down his head, his cheeks bursting with the hot blood ; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the word was branded in the whole frame—relaxing, as if a burden of concealed guilt had rolled off ; "I may as well go to ruin at once ; there's no use trying to do better—everybody hates and despises me ; nobody cares about me—I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who had been gradually lessening the distance between them, "how came you to go so young to so terrible a place ? Where was your mother ? Where was ——"

"Oh !" exclaimed the boy with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "oh ! I han't got any mother—oh ! I han't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only a mother," he continued, his anguish growing more vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strong eyes, "I wouldn't have been bound out, and then kicked and cuffed, and laid on with whips. I wouldn't a been saucy, and got knocked down, and then run away, and

stole because I was hungry. Oh! I han't got no mother since I was a baby."

With strength all exhausted the poor boy sank upon his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing hot tears away with his knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off? No, no! She had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still.

She went up to the poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers, kindly, softly, upon his head—to tell him to look up, and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arms about the neck of that neglected, forsaken one; she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words—words of good counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how calm was her sleep that night! how soft her pillow! Visions ethereal filled up her dream. Her angel children came to her with smiles, and pressed their little palms within her's. She had linked a poor suffering heart to her own by the most silken—the strongest bonds of love. She hath plucked some thorns from the path of a sinning but repentant mortal. None but angels could witness her holy joy without envy.

Did the boy leave her?

No—he is with her still; a vigorous, manly youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead; his good foster-mother is aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust. Truly, "he that saves a soul from death, hideth a multitude of sins."

"When a son of Guilt you see,
Scorn him not when passing by;
He hath claims to sympathy
Just the same as you or I.
Though his soul is stained with sin,
Love alone his heart can win;
Scorn him, and you sink him lower
In his guilt than e'en before.

"*Love* can touch each mystic chord
In that heart of guilt and woe;
Love shall reap a rich reward—
Tears of penitence shall flow.
Teach him he's a BROTHER yet;
Ne'er his claims nor woes forget.
Thou shalt win him by-and-by;
Christ-like is the task to try!"

HINTS FOR OUR CHURCHES—THE WAY FOR A SOCIETY TO PROSPER.

We are firmly persuaded that our societies have the perfect good will of all who identify themselves with them, and even occasional visitors of our churches wish our prosperity. We have seen again and again the smiling face which bespoke the gladdened heart at a large congregation. We think the following rules closely followed will secure prosperity to any society. Will you give them a trial, and report the result in due time:—

1. Let each member be at church whenever it is possible.

2. Let them use all proper influence with domestics and associates, to get them to attend also. Of course the children are to be placed in the Sabbath school, the youth in Bible classes, and taught to delight in the sanctuary.

3. Let all expenses be met, and discharged with promptness, spirit and cheerfulness.

4. The practice of declining office when chosen must be stopped. Competent officers should be continued.

5. Let each member seek to treat all other members with the utmost tenderness, respect and cordiality, and live pure, honourable, useful lives before the world. Sociability should be constantly cultivated in the Society.

6. Never slight the minister, insult him, or treat him with any manner of indifference; but stand by him, and encourage him to speak his deepest convictions, his most earnest thought.

Other rules might be given, but let these be first practised. It is time to call societies to their duties. There has been speculation enough about ministers. If a minister is not well adapted to a place, let the mildest course be taken for a change. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the trouble is in the Society. They want to get a man to build them up by the display of attractive talent. The strongest societies in Protestant Christendom have been built up by preaching not of its kind above ordinary excellence. There were lay brothers and sisters who wrought with their ministers, with each other, and individually to exalt their Zion.

AN EXPLANATION.

"WHERE SHALL THE UNGODLY AND THE SINNER APPEAR?"

In early years we believed that reason and common sense were on the side of UNITARIANISM, but that Scripture teaching was on the side of TRINITARIANISM; but as years have rolled on, and we have been led to examine carefully the passages of Scripture drawn in to support the Trinitarian hypothesis and all its peculiar doctrines, the conviction has increased within us that those passages to which Trinitarians cling, when fairly explained and understood give no support to their peculiar and unreasonable dogmas. How often have we heard the following text quoted and preached from as affording the most complete evidence of the future eternal misery of the wicked;—indeed we believe there is no text better adapted in its construction to convey this view to the minds of those who sit under the voice of the preacher of eternal misery than the following:—"IF THE RIGHTEOUS SCARCELY BE SAVED, WHERE SHALL THE UNGODLY AND THE SINNER APPEAR."

Now, we can fancy we hear the believer in eternal misery saying to us, "Meet this passage fairly; not with your Unitarian gloss, and constrained and far-fetched exposition." So we will, even in the very words and exposition of the most able, learned commentators of the Trinitarian theology, and show how these scholarly men explain away, with the greatest ease and unanimity, one of the most favoured passages of exciting popular preachers.

First, we will quote Dr. A. Clarke on the entire verse:—"For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and if it first begin at us, what shall the end of them be that obey not the Gospel of God? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear."

"JUDGMENT MUST BEGIN AT THE HOUSE OF GOD."]—Our Lord had predicted that previously to the destruction of Jerusalem his own followers would have to endure various calamities. See Matt. xxiv. 9, 21, 22; Mark xiii. 12, 13; John xvi. 2, etc. Here his true disciples are called the house or family of God. That the converted Jews suffered much from their brethren, the zealots or factions into which the Jews were then divided, needs little proof; and some interpreters think that this was in conformity to the purpose of God. Matt. xiii. 35. (That on you may come all the righteous blood shed from the foundation of the world.)—'That the Jewish Christians were to be involved in the general punishment; and that it was proper to begin at them, as a part of the devoted Jewish nation, notwithstanding they were now become the house of God; because the justice of God would thereby be more illustriously displayed. See Macknight. But probably the word which we here translate judgment may mean more than affliction and distress; for it was a Jewish maxim that when God was about to pour down some general judgment, he began with afflicting his own people, in order to correct and amend them; that they might be prepared for the overflowing scourge.

"AND IF IT FIRST BEGIN AT US] Jews, who have repented and believe on the Son of God. What shall the end be of them, the Jews who continue impenitent and obey not the Gospel of God? Here is the plainest reference to the above Jewish maxim; and this, it appears, was founded upon the text which St. Peter immediately quotes.

"AND IF THE RIGHTEOUS SCARCELY BE SAVED.]—If it shall be with extreme difficulty that the Christians shall escape from Jerusalem, when the Roman armies shall come against it, with the full commission to destroy it, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? Where shall the proud Pharisaic boaster in his own outside holiness, and the profligate transgressor of the laws of God, show themselves, as having escaped the divine vengeance? The Christians, though with difficulty, did escape, every man; but not one of the Jews escaped, whether found in Jerusalem or elsewhere."

We think this is pretty plain. This is the exposition of a Trinitarian; and to us Unitarians it is perfectly satisfactory. And we believe there is not one passage in holy writ used against our views but we could find Trinitarian expositors giving the same explanation of them as we find ourselves compelled to give.

Dr. A. Clarke is not alone in this exposition, for we find that the following Roman Catholic and Protestant commentators are of the same opinion concerning the proper meaning of this text:—

"The time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God;" that is, the time foretold by our Saviour is now at hand, in which we are to be delivered up to persecution, &c. These words denote that persecution which the Jews, now so near their ruin, stirred up, almost everywhere, against the professors of the gospel."—LIGHTFOOT.

"Thus, amidst the general ruin which is coming upon these wicked times, the Christian shall have his share. But his afflictions will be light, in comparison of that great overthrow which shall destroy the Jewish nation."—GILPIN.

"That the apostle is not speaking here of the difficulty of the salvation of the righteous at the day of judgment will be evident to any one who considers 2 Pet. i. 11—'Thus there shall be richly ministered to you an entrance into the everlasting kingdom.' What he speaks of is the difficulty of the preservation of the Christians at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Yet they were preserved, for so Christ promised, Mat. xxiv. 13. But the ungodly and wicked Jews were saved neither in Judea, nor anywhere else."—MACKNIGHT.

"If the righteous be scarcely able to escape in these days of wrath, what shall be the fate of the ungodly? When God began to exercise vengeance upon the Jews, he first permitted the Christians to suffer many afflictions and persecutions; but after he had purified his church, and proved the virtue of his elect, he admonished them to depart from Jerusalem and its borders, and to remove beyond Jordan. Ecclesiastical historians relate that they retired to Pella, under the protection of King Agrippa, a friend and ally of the Romans, to which place the violence of the war did not extend. But the remaining Jews experienced the fury and the power of their conquerors, who levelled the temple, and Jerusalem itself with the ground, even ploughing the earth on which it stood."—CALMET.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

SYDNEY SMITH'S "TRACT FOR PARISHIONERS"

Few men ever lived who combined as much brilliancy and common sense as Sydney Smith. The following quotation from his Parish Tract is a specimen of his short method with inebriates.

"I don't like that red nose, and those blear eyes, and that stupid, downcast look. You are a drunkard. Another pint, and one pint more; a glass of gin and water, rum and milk, cider and pepper, a glass of peppermint, and all the beastly fluids which drunkards pour down their throats. It is very possible to conquer it, if you will be resolute. I remember a man in Staffordshire, who was drunk every day of his life. Every farthing he earned went to the ale-house. One evening he staggered home, and found at a late hour his wife sitting alone, and drowned in tears. He was a man not deficient in natural affection—he appeared to be struck with the wretchedness of the woman, and with some eagerness asked her why she was crying. 'I don't like to tell you, James,' she said, 'but if I must, I must; and the truth is, my children have not touched a morsel of anything this blessed day. As for me, never mind me. I must leave *you* to guess how it has fared with me. But not one morsel of food could I beg or buy for those children that lie on the bed before you; and I am sure, James, it is better for us all we should die, in my soul I wish we were dead.'

"'Dead!" said James, starting up as if a flash of lightning had darted upon him; 'dead, Sally! You and Mary and two young ones dead?—Look ye, my lass, you see what I am now—like a brute. I have wasted your substance—the curse of God is upon me—I am drawing near to the pit of destruction—but there's an end; I feel there's an end. Give me that glass, wife.' She gave it him with astonishment and fear. He turned it topsy-turvy; and, striking the table with great violence, and flinging himself on his knees, made a most solemn and affecting vow to God, of repentance and sobriety. From that moment to the day of his death, he drank no fermented liquor, but confined himself entirely to tea and water. I never saw so sudden and astonishing a change. His looks became healthy, his cottage neat, his children were clad, his wife was happy; and twenty times the poor man and his wife, with tears in their eyes have told me the story and blessed the evening of the fourteenth of March, the day of James' restoration, and have shown me the glass he held in his hand when he made the vow of sobriety.

It is all nonsense about not being able to work without ale, and gin, and cider, and fermented liquors. Do lions and cart-horses drink ale? It is mere habit. If you have good nourishing food you can do very well without ale. Nobody works harder than the Yorkshire people, and for years together—there are many Yorkshire labourers who never taste ale. I have no objection, you will observe, to a moderate use of ale, or any other liquor you can afford to purchase. My objection is that you cannot afford it, that every penny you spend at the alehouse, comes out of the stomachs of the poor children, and strips off the clothes of the wife"

"Temperance is the father of health, cheerfulness and old age. Drunkenness has so large a family that I cannot remember the names of one half of them. However, disease, debt, dishonour, destruction, and death are among them—not the most hopeful household in the world!"

SOCIAL CIRCLE.

A BEAUTIFUL GEM.

FOR A BEREAVED MOTHER.

A young woman, with tears of bereavement in her eyes, stood over the River of Death, gazing wistfully into its black and sluggish waters, as if she would fain rest her gaze upon some object away down—*down* in its fathomless depths. She gazed long and wistfully, and the black waves rolled sullenly, sluggishly onward.

And the mother laid her hands submissively on her bosom, and wept, and said, "My gem! my gem!"

And a celestial being, like an angel, stood near the hidden door of her heart, and whispered in a silvery voice, like music, "What seekest thou, mourning sister?"

"Alas!" said the mourner, "I once, even yesterday, wore a gem in my bosom. To me it was invaluable—it was no trivial gem, it was one that kings and monarchs might well have been proud of. The riches of the East could not have purchased it from me. In an hour that was evil and miserable, the gem dropped from my bosom into the black night of this deep river. As I saw it floating away from me as gently as the coming of an eastern shadow, I reached after it, but it was beyond my grasp, and my gem, my babe, smiled upon me, as it was riding on the waves further and further from me. It began to sink—to sink from my sight, and in a moment my gem was gone—and *gone for ever!*" and she turned sorrowfully away.

And the angel voice whispered again, "Stay, sister, grieve not; and look again into the dark river."

She looked as she was bid, and a cry of rapturous joy burst from her lips. "Thanks to thee, Father! I see my gem floating on a great black wave. O, may I not wear it in my bosom again?"

Stay, my sister, thou art deceived; what thou seest in the river is not thy gem; it is the shadow of what was given thee in trust. Look, sister, heavenward, and bid thy mourning heart rejoice."

She looked aloft, and away up the dark beclouded sky, she saw a single spot clear and blue, and in it a bright star was gleaming, and its silvery rays came down and danced on the gloomy river, giving the black waves a brightness, as if silvered through and through; and away down many fathoms the bright reflection rested, and this the mourner thought was her lost gem. She gazed slightly upon the scene, and the star from heaven was shining.

And the voice of the angel came again, like unto the sweet song of many instruments of music, saying, "Sister, the gloomy waves thou seest, though cold and dark, and terrible, roll ceaselessly onward to the great gate of heaven, and thither they bore thy mourned for gem, which the good Father lent thee; the waves have borne it back to him, and it blooms and shines forever near the throne, like yon brightly beaming star!"

The voice was hushed, and the sorrowing mother turned away with her eyes lifted from the earth and gloomy river, and fixed them hopefully and wistfully on heaven.

And the bright star she saw, when tears filled her eyes, mourning for the loss, yet beams brightly and it shines on her little baby's grave.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralising business, said in excuse :—"You know, doctor, that I must live." The brave old hater of everything that was mean coolly replied, "I don't see the least necessity for that."

An English architect, Mr. Tite, has been "figuring up" the cost of the great Pyramid near Gizet. Its original dimensions at the base, he says, were 764 000 square feet, and it had a perpendicular height of 480 feet, covering 43 acres 1 rood, 22 perches of ground. It consumed 89,028,000 cubic feet of stone ; and Mr Tite adds, that it could not now be built for less than thirty millions sterling.

Sound Doctrine.—In a recent discourse a very eminent preacher declared that he honoured first of all the man who came out boldly for the right ; and next to him the man who came out openly and bravely for the wrong ; while he despised as the meanest of men he who would not commit himself to either, but was for ever trying to dodge between the two.

Thirty years ago.—In a paper of 1827 we find the following strong remarks on public tea parties in connection with religious societies :—"These meetings must be *firmly resisted*. We must *arrest* them at the outset before they lead to balls, and plays, and masquerades." We have reason to rejoice in 1857 that they have not been arrested, but are fruiful of much moral and religious good as well as social pleasure.

Value of Science.—Orange or lemon juice left upon a knife or other piece of iron will, in a few days, produce a stain so nearly resembling that caused by blood as to deceive the most careful observer ; and not many years ago, in Paris, a man was nearly convicted of murder owing to a knife being found in his possession stained with what was pronounced by several witnesses to be blood, but afterwards discovered to be simply *lemon juice*.

The Value of Five Minutes.—The importance of this brief space of time was strikingly illustrated by a circumstance which occurred at this town on Wednesday last. One of our lawyers was called upon to make a will for an aged lady of this place. The person who came to have it executed stated that the lady was in no imminent danger, and might live some time. The will, however, was drawn up with all the dispatch consistent with prudence, and immediately taken to the residence of the lady. On arriving at the house, and going to the chamber of the sick person, with the document all ready to sign, the messenger was shocked by finding that she had been dead just five minutes, thereby diverting quite a little property into other hands than was intended by the deceased.

The end of a Drinking Club.—A celebrated drinking club (says the *Liverpool Albion*,) in a large town in the west of Scotland, which had formerly great influence at the local elections, is broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum ; one jumped from a window and killed himself ; one walked or fell into the water at night and was drowned ; one was found dead in a public house ; one died of delirium tremens ; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days. One, who was a bailie when connected with the club, is at present keeping a low public house. Such are a few facts, well known to those living in the locality.

When Philip Henry, the father of the commentator on the Bible, sought the hand of the only daughter of Mr. Matthew in marriage, and objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger ; "and they did not even know where he came from."—"True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him ;" and they walked life's pilgrimage together.

Circumstantial Evidence.—A singular case has just occurred at Detroit, America, which goes to show that circumstantial evidence, though sometimes the most reliable, is not always to be depended upon. A German pedlar was seen to enter a certain house, but was not seen to leave it. Suspicion of course, rested there. The house was searched, and the supposed traces of a foul murder was discovered—such as blood, bones, and burnt clothing. The family were arrested and tried. A complete case was made out, the circumstantial evidence being deemed overwhelming, and the prosecutiug attorney was summing up, when the pedlar presented himself to the Court, and turned into a farce what might have resulted in a judicial tragedy.

A lady said to the Rev. J. Wesley :—"Mr. Wesley, supposing that you knew you were to die at 12 o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time ?" "How, madam ?" he replied ; "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

A gentleman, in describing Calvinistic orators, such as Mr. Spurgeon, says :—"They address a congregation of sober-minded *Christians* as if they were an assembly of heathen, or a band of thieves and murderers. Their doctrine descends not like dew, but like a hail storm. Their voice is not gentle and affectionate, but loud and reproachful ; it rolls like thunder and roars like a whirlwind ; they paint the character of a virtuous man with blacker strokes of depravity than those with which Milton has drawn the charactar of Satan, and they represent the Supreme Being as hating the works of his own hands, as fired with anger and armed with vengeance."

A few days after the death of one of my parishioners (relates a clergyman,) I called on the bereaved family, to sympathise with the widow and the fatherless in their sorrows. Incidentally remarking to the youngest born, a bright little fellow of three or four summers, that *he had got no father now*, I was met with the following cheerful yet affecting reply—a reply which has furnished me food for reflection since. "No," said the boy, "I havn't got any father," and the tears began to start from his large blue eyes ; "but," he added, with a smiling countenance, "I have got a *mother* though, and I've got a James, and a William, and a 'Lizabeth, and a Hannah," referring to his surviving parent, and brothers and sisters. Would that other children, and men and women also, were as reasonable and thoughtful as this little boy ; and when some of their blessings are removed, would turn their grateful attention to remaining blessings innumerable, which may still be enjoyed.

DIAMOND DUST.

A great man will neither trample on a woman, nor cringe before a king.

We cannot escape the evils of life by shrinking from its duties.

The worst of an imaginary danger is, that it often leads us to overlook a real one.

Losing a cow for the sake of a cat, is the Chinese interpretation of going to law.

THE SWEETEST OF ALL FLOWERS.—A wife full of truth, innocence, and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

Men want restraining as well as propelling power. The good ship is provided with anchors as well as sails.

He who gets a good husband for his daughter gains a son; and he who gets a bad one loses a daughter.

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilise the tender plants they batter down.

He, and he only, obeys God virtuously and acceptably who reverences right, not power; who has chosen rectitude as his supreme rule.

You might as well expect to drive a ploughshare through a wasp's nest in open day and not to be stung, as to be truthful without giving offence.

It is not the *height* to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the *looking down* with contempt upon those below them.

The difficulty of refuting very silly and weak arguments reminds one of the difficult feat of cutting through a cushion with a sword.

Indolence and indecision of mind, though not in themselves vices, frequently prepare the way for much misery.

There are two things about which you should never grumble—the first is that which you "cannot help," and the other that which you "can help"

"Father," said a juvenile to his paternal guardian, who had the habit of alternating from piety to profanity,—"I do think you ought to stop praying or swearing."

IDLENESS.—What is it? A public mint, where various kinds of mischief are coined, and extensively circulated among the most despicable of the human race.

To an indigent person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious successful tradesman of humble origin observed—"You, my friend, are proud of your *descent*—I am proud of my *ascent!*"

Virtue is not a mushroom, that springeth up of itself in a night when we are asleep and regard it not; but a delicate plant that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, and much time to mature it.

If we create imaginary wants, why do we not create imaginary satisfactions? It was the happier phrenzy of the two to be like the mad Athenian, who thought all the ships that came into the harbour to be his own; than to be still tormenting ourselves with insatiable desires.

Some author has said that there are three kinds of men in the world—the "wills," the "won'ts," and the "can'ts." The first effect everything, the next oppose everything, and the last fail in everything. "*I will*" builds our railroads and steamboats: "*I won't*" don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while "*I can't*" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of a court of bankruptcy. There is a profundity of philosophy in these words which should profit the rising generation of workers.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

To us this is no unmeaning phrase; 'tis replete with sense. There is peace and joy in the very appellations Christ and Saviour.

In the name CHRIST, we read the anointed of the Lord—God's well-beloved son, the messenger from on high—the Prophet that should come into the world—the approved of God—the ambassador of heaven. Not appointed by man, nor set apart by human authority to be the example, teacher, guide, judge and hope of humanity. Not sanctified by prophets' hands, nor dignified by priestly garments, nor purified by Mosaic sacrifices, nor anointed by Aaron's oil; but sent of God with sounds of angelic sweetness, and the spirit of the Most High given unto him without measure, and with a voice from heaven speaking to our innermost heart and conscience. "Hear ye him in whom I am well pleased." The fulness of prophecy—the end of the law for righteousness—the Lord from heaven—the true light that cometh into the world—the image of the invisible God, who was made manifest in the flesh. In the aspirations of the human heart for divine perfection—in the search for moral and religious spiritual truth—in the anxious care for a God-pleasing and useful life, for the incitement to devotional feeling and reverential piety, for the pattern of true godliness and the purest benevolence; in Christ there are treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Oh! how the mere assumptions of men as vicegerents of God, as successors of apostles, as oracles of divine truth, as evangelical professors, sink into nothing when compared with Christ, and are to us vanity, and unworthy of regard; but for him we have the deepest reverence as our pattern, teacher, saviour, and friend. To whom can we go but unto him, "he has the words of eternal life."

Yes, Christ the Saviour. We have caught the import of the terms, the heavenly meaning which secures Christian life, and earthly bliss, and hope of heaven. He saves us, not from the ruins of the fall of Adam, no more than from the fall of Babylon, not from the sin of our first parents, no more than from the sin of Manasseh. But he saves us and the world wherever, and whenever his Messiahship is believed, his doctrines received, his example followed. He is thus "the power of God unto salvation" from sin, from personal sin. He came "to save his people from their sins," not in their sins, and hence from the consequences of a broken law. He saves from superstitious and irreverent ideas of Jehovah, and reveals the God of heaven as the father of the human race, who loveth all. He saves from fear and enables all humankind to draw near unto God without doubting his being or fatherly love, who welcomes the returning prodigal. He hath shed a light upon the tomb, he hath ascended upon high, he hath led captivity captive, and received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them. And thus the great Saviour delivers from the bondage of the spirit of guilt, and wrath, and death, and gives unto his followers "the spirit of power and love and of a sound mind;" and there must ever follow as the result of his influence, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will among men."

THE MAIDEN'S EVENING PRAYER.

In her chamber kneeling,
The moonlight stealing
Through the lattice, calm and pure,
Like an angel keeping
His watch o'er the sleeping,
While the long, lone night endures.

Her head bowed in meekness,
Confessing her weakness
At the throne of our Saviour above,
Earnestly pleading
That faith, ne'er receding,
Should guide her in paths of His love.

Her mild eye revealing
The depth of pure feeling
Enshrined in her guileless heart;
While hope kept repeating:
"Make me guest at that meeting
In heaven where friends never part."

Pure eloquence blending
With that prayer ascending,
On wings of bright angels, to God,
Went up this petition,
With patient submission,
To bow 'neath his chastening rod:

"I mourn not lost pleasures,
But lay up my treasures
In heaven, where they ne'er will grow old,
And pray, O my Father!
That thou wilt gather
Me home with the lambs of thy fold.

"But if years long and weary,
O'er this earth sad and dreary,
I must wander, be with me through life;
Keep my feet from treading
The paths that are leading
Where sin and temptation are rife."

"O Father! I pray thee
Though earth may betray me,
In virtue and wisdom me guide—
Howe'er I am deserted,
From nearest friends parted,
Still ever in thee to confide."

That night to the maiden
Came spirits, all laden
With faith, hope, and love, from on high—
Gave faith in her sorrow
For a brighter to-morrow;
And hope blessed her years 'neath the skies.

KEEP AT WORK.

(FROM THE BOSTON CHRONOTYPE.)

Does a mountain on you frown?
Keep at work:
You may undermine it yet;
If you stand and thump its base,
Sorry bruises you may get.
Keep at work.

Does Miss Fortune's face look sour?
Keep at work:
She may smile again some day;
If you pull your hair and fret,
Rest assured she'll have her way.
Keep at work.

Are you censured by your friends?
Keep at work:
Whether they are wrong or right,
May be you must 'bide your time,
If for victory you fight.
Keep at work.

If the devil growls at you,
Keep at work;
That's the best way to resist;
If you hold an argument,
You may feel his iron fist.
Keep at work.

Are your talents vilified?
Keep at work:
Greater men than you are hated;
If you're right, then go ahead—
Grit will be appreciated.
Keep at work.

Everything is done by labour;
Keep at work,
If you would improve your station;
They have help from Providence,
Who work out their own salvation.
Keep at work.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We beg to inform our friends that the present volume will not conclude with the June number. We have been advised to continue this volume to the end of the year, so that in succeeding years each volume may begin and end with the year.

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